

The Garland O F GOOD-WILL.

Divided into Three Parts.

Containing many pleasant SONGS,
and pretty Poems to sundry Notes.

With a Table to find the Names of all the SONGS.

written by T. D.



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THE CATHOLIC

GOOD-MIL

Divine and Moral Pictures
Gathering of the best Pictures
and Biographies of the
Fathers of the Church
and the best of the
Sacred Writings

Edited by T. G.



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THE MOURNFUL DITTY ON THE DEATH OF ROSAMOND KING HENRY THE SECOND'S CONCUBINE.

A mournful Ditty on the Death of Rosamond King Henry the Second's Concubine.

To the Tune of, *Flying Fame*.

When as King Henry rul'd this land,
the second of that name,
Besides the Queen he dearly lov'd,
a fair and princely Dame :
Most peerless was her beauty found,
her favour and her face,
A sweeter creature in this world,
did never Prince embrace.

Her crisped Locks like threads of Gold,
appear'd to each man's eye,
Her comely eyes like orient Pearls,
did cast a heavenly light ;
The blood within her cristall cheek,
did such a colour have,
As if the Lilly and the Rose,
for Master-ship did strive.

430

The Garland of Good-will,
See, Rosamond, last Rosamond,
her name was called so,
To whom dame Elenor our Queen,
was known a mortal foe;
The King therefore for her detente,
against this serious Queen,
At Woodstock builded such a Bower,
the like was never seen.

Most curiously this Bower was built,
with stone and timber strong,
With hundred and fifty woods. W
did to this Bower belong all the
And they so running by stately,
with turnings manifold,
That none but such a crew of them
could enter in by out. R
And so his Love and Ladies sake, R
that was so fair and bright,
The keeping of this Bower he gave
unto a worthy Knight: R
But soone that day when the King
where she before did muse, R
The Kings delight and Ladies joy,
full soon the day began. R
For why, the Kings ungracious Son,
whom he did high advance, R
Against

The Garland of Good-will

Against his Master raised Milly, about 1422
within the Realm of France being 1422,
And yet before our coming King, 1422
the English Land took, 1422
Of Rosamond the Lady fair,
his last farewell he took.

O Rosamond, the only Rose, 1422
that pleasest best unto eye, 1422
The fairest Rose in all the world, 1422
to feed my fantasie: 1422
The flower of mine affeted heart, 1422
whose sweetnes doth excell, 1422
My Royal Rose a thousand times,
I bid thee now farewell.

For I must leave my famous flower,
my sweetest Rose a space,
And cross the seas to famous France,
proud Rebels to abase 1422
But yet my Rose be gone thou shalt,
my coming shalp see,
And in my heart while hence I am,
I leane my Rose with me.

When Rosamond the Lady fair,
did hear the King say so, 1422
The sorrows of her grieved heart, 1422
her outward looks did show.

The Garland of Good-will.

And from her clear and chyntial eyes,
tears gush out apace,
which like the river pecked dew,
ran down her comely face.

Her lips like to the coral red,
did wax both wan and pale,
And for the sorrow she conceib'd
her vital springs did fail :
And falling down all in a swoond,
before King Henry's face,
full oft within his princely arms,
her body did imbace.

And twenty times with watery eyes,
he kiss her tender cheek,
Until he had rebus'd again,
her senses mild and meek :
Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose,
the King did often say,
Because quoth she, to bloody wars,
my Lord must part away.

But since your Grace in sojaign roaſis,
among your foes unkind,
Must go to hazard life and limb,
why shuld I stay behynd ?
Pay rather let me like a Page,
thy ſword and Target bear,

That

The Garland of Good-will.

That on my Breast the blow may light,
that should offend you there.

O let me in your Royal Tent,
prepare your bed at night,
And with sweet baths refresh your Face,
at your return from night ;
So I your presence may enjoy,
no toile I will refuse,
But wanting you my life is death,
which doth true love abyse.

Content thy self my dearest love,
thy rest at home shall be,
In Englands sweet and pleasant soill,
for travell firs rot thee ;
Fair Ladys brook not bloody warrs ;
Sweet peace their pleasure breed,
The nourisher of hearts content,
which fancy flicc did feed.

My Rose shall rest in Woodstock Bower,
with musick sweet delight,
While I among the piercing Pikes,
against my foess do fight ;
My Rose in robes of pearl and Gold,
with Diamonds richly dight,
Shall dance the Galliard of my love,
whils all my foes do smite.

AND

The Garland of Good-will,
And you Sir Thomas whom I trust
to be my loves desence,
Be carefull of my Royal Rose,
when I am parted hence :
And therewhile he lefte a lige,
as though his heart would break,
And Rosamond for very griefe,
not one plaine word could speake.

And at their parting well they myght,
in heare be grieved soye,
After that day sait Rosamond
the King did see no more :
And when his Grace had paſt the ſeaſt,
and into France was gone,
Queen Elenor with envious heart,
to Woodſtock came anon.

And forth ſhe call'd this truſty Knight,
who kept this curiuſe Tower,
Who with his clew of twined thred,
came from this famous flower :
And when that ſhe had wounded him,
the Queen thys thred did get,
And went where Lady Rosamond,
was like an Angel ſet.

But when the Queen with meddall eye,
beheld her heavenly face,

The Garland of Good-will.

She was amazed in her mind,
at her exceeding Grace :
Cast off thy Robes from thee, she said,
that rich and costly be,
And drinke thou up this deadly draught,
which I have brought for thee.

But presently upon her kner,
Sweet Rosamond did fall,
And pardon of the Queen she crav'd,
for her offences all :
Take pity on my youthfull yeres,
fair Rosamond did cry,
And let me not with person strong,
enforced be to dye.

I will renounce this sinfull life,
and in a Cloister bide,
Or else be banisht, if you please,
to range the world so wised :
And for that fault which I have done,
though I was so yong thereto,
Pleserbe my life and punish me,
as you think good to do.

And with these wordes her silly handes
she wryng full ofte there,
And downe along her comely face,
proceeded many a teat ;

But

The Garland of Good-will,
But nothing could this furious Queen,
therewith appeased be,
The cup of deadly poison fill'd,
as she sat on her knee.

She gave this comely Dame to drinke,
who took it in her hand,
And from her henged knee arose,
and on her feet did stand:
And casting up her eyes to Heaven,
she did soj mercy call;
And drinkeing up the poison strong,
her life she lost wthal.

And when that death thorough every limb,
had done her greatest spight,
Her chiefeſt foes did plain confesse,
she was a gloriouſe wife:
Her body then they did entomb,
when life was fled away,
At Woodstock near to Oxford Town,
as may be ſeen this day.

F. I. N. I. S.

The Garland of Good-will.

2.

A new Sonnet, containing the Lamentation of Shore's Wife, who was sometimes Concubine to K. Edward the 4. setting forth her great Fall, and withal her most miserable and wretched end.

To the Tune of, *The Hunt is up*

Listen fair Ladies,
unto my misery,
That I bed late, in pompous state,
most delightfully :
And now to fortunes fair dissimulation,
Brought in cruel and uncouth plagues,
most pitifully.

Shores Wife I am,
So known by name,
And at the flower-de-luce in Cheap-side,
was my d'welling,
The only daughter of a wealth Merchant,
Against whose counsel evertmoxe, (man,
I was rebelling.

Young was I loved,
No action mrobed,
My heart or mind, to give or yield,
to their consenting.

22

The Garland of Good-will.

My Parents thinking strictly for to wed me
Forcing me to take that which caused
my repenting.

Then being wedded,
I was quickly tempted,
My beauty caused many Gallants
to salute me :
The King commanded, I straight obeyed,
For his chielest Jewel then,
he did repute me.

Bravely was I trained,
Like a Queen I reigned,
And poor Mens Hulcs
by me was obtained :
In all the Court, to none was such great res-
As unto me, though now in Scorn,
I be disdained.
When the King dyed,
My grief was swerd,
From the Court I was expellid, for living
with despight :
The D. of Gloucester being Lord Protector,
Took away my Goods, against all Law and Right.

And a Procession,

fol

The Garland of Good-will.

For my Transgression,
Bare footed he made me go :
so to shame me,
A Cross before me there was carried plainly
As a penance to my former life,
so to shame me.

Then through London,
Being thus undone,
The Lord Protector published
a Proclamation :
On pain of death, I should not be harbour'd
Which furthermore increas'd my sorrow
and vexation.

I that had plenty, now sit at table abject
And Dishes dainty,
Most sumptuously brought to my board,
at my pleasure : I
Being full poor, from door to door,
I beg my bread with Clack and Dish,
at my leisure : I do farror wot A
On stichw ybs a to be vised aw of wot
My rich attire,
by tortures ice,
To rotten Rags and nakedness,
they are beaten :
My body lost which the King exhibiat v er,
with

The Garland of Good-will.
With Wetmine bise anoy'd,
and eat on.

On Stalls and Stones,
did lye my bones,
That wanted was in Bed of Down,
to be plac'd :
And you see, my finest Pillows be,
Of stinking straw, with Ditt and Dung,
thus disgrac'd.

Wherefore fair Ladies,
With your sweet Babies,
My grievous fall bear in your mind,
and behold me,
How strange a thing that the love of a K.
Should come to die under a stall,
as I told ye.

F I N I S.

A New Sonnet of Edgar King of Engla nd
how he was deceived of a lady which he
loved, by a Knight of his own Court.
To be sung in the old way, or else to the
Tune of, Lebondaist.

When as K. Edgar did govern this land
a down, a down, down down down,
And

The Garland of Good-will.

And in the strenght of his years he did stand,
call him down a :

Such praisse was spread of a gallant Dame,
Which did through England carry great fame
And she a Lady of high degree,

The Earl of Devonshires Daughter was she.

The King which lately had buried the Queen,
And not long time a Widdower been;

Heating this praisse of a gallant Maid,

Upon her beauty his love he laid :

And in his sight he would often say,

I will send for that Lady gay :

Yea, I will send for this Lady bright,

Which is my treasure and delight ;

Whose beauty, like to Phœbus beams,

Doth glister through all Christian Realms ;

Then to himself he would reply,

Saying, how fond a Prince am I,

To cast my love so base and low,

Upon a Girl I do not know ?

King Edgar wyl his fancy frame,

To love some Peerless Princely Dame ;

The Daughter of a Royal King,

That may a dainty Dowry bring :

Whose matchless beauty brought in place,

May Est: ilds colour clean disgrace :

But senseless Man, what do I mean,

Upon a broken Reed to lean ?

The Garland of Good-will.

O what fond fury did me move,
Thus to abuse my dearest Love !
Whose Visage grac'd with heavenly hue,
Doth Hellens honour quite subdue :
The glory of her beauteous pride,
Sweet Estrilds favour doth deride ;
Then pardon my unseemly speech,
Dear Love and Lady, I beseech :
For I my thoughts will hencefor th crame,
To spread the honour of thy name :
Then unto him he call'd a Knight,
Which was most trusty in his sight,
And unto him thus he did say,
To Earl Orgator go thy way :
Where ask for Estrilds comely Name,
Whose beauty went so far by fame :
And if you find her comely Grace,
As fame did spread in every place ;
Then tell her Father, she shall be
My Crowned Queen, if she agree.
The Knight in Message did proceed,
And into Devonshire went with speed :
But when he saw the Lady bright,
He was so ravish't at her sight,
That nothing could his passion m'rse,
Except he might obtain her love ;
For day and night while there he staid,
He Courted still this peerless Maid : An

The Garland of Good-will.

And in his Duke he shew'd such skill,
That at the length he gain'd her Good-will :
Forgetting quite the duty tho',
Which he unto the King did owe,
Then coming home unto his Grace,
He told him with dissembling face ;
That those reports were to blamie,
That so advanc'd the Maidens Name :
For I assure your Grace, said he,
She is as other Women be :
Her Beauty of such great report,
No better than the common sort :
And far unmeet in every thing,
To meet with such a Noble King :
But though her face be nothing fair,
Yet sith she was her Fathers Heir ;
Perhaps some Lord of high degree,
Would very fain her Husband be :
Then if your Grace would give consent,
I would my self be well content,
The Damsel for my wife to take,
For her great Lands and Livings sake ;
The King (whom thus he did deceive)
Incontinent did give him leave ;
For on that point he did not stand,
For why, he had no need of Land :
Then being glad, he went away,
And wedded straight this Ladie gay :
B a

The

The Garland of Good-will.

The fairest Creature bearing life,
Had this false Knight unto his wife;
And by that match of high degree,
An Earl soon after that was he.
E're he long time had married been,
That many had her beauty seen;
Her prasse was spread both far and near,
The King again thereof did hear:
Who then in heart did plainly prove,
He was betrayed of his Love;
Though therefore he was vexed soye,
Yet seem'd he not to grieve therfore;
But kept his countenance good and kind,
As though he bare no grudge in mind.
But on a day it came to pass,
When as the King full merry was,
To Ethlewood in spost he said,
I muse what chear there should be made,
If to thy house I should resoyt,
A night or two for princely spost:
Hereat the Earl shew'd Countenance glad,
Though in his heart he was full sad,
Saying, your Grace shall welcome be,
If so your Grace will honour me.
When as the day appointed was,
Before the King did thither pass,
The Earl before-hand did prepare,
The Kings coming to declare.

End

The Garland of Good-will.

And with a countenance passing grim,
He call'd his Lady unto him,
Saying with sad and heavy cheer,
I pray you when the King comes here,
Sweet Lady as you tender me,
Let your attire but homely be :
Nor wash not thou thy Angels face,
But so thy beauty clean disgrace :
Thereto thy gesture so apply,
It may seem loathsome to the eye :
For if the King should there behold
Thy glorious beauty so extol'd ;
Then shall my life soon shorned be,
For my deserts and treachery.
When to thy Father first I came,
Though I did not declare the same,
Yet wast I put in trust to bring
The joyful tydings to the King ;
Who for thy glorious beauty seen,
Did think of thee to make his Queen :
But when I had thy person found,
Thy beauty gave me such a wound,
No rest nor comfort could I take,
Till you, sweet Love, my grief did slake :
And that though Duty charged me,
Most faithful to my Lord to be ;
Yet Love upon the other side,
Did for my self I should provide :

The Garland of Good-will.

Then for my suit and service shown,
At length I won you for my own ;
And for my love in wedlock spent,
Your choice you need no whit repent :
Then since my grief I have express'd,
Sweet Lady grant me my request :
Good words she gave with smiling cheer,
Musing of that which she did hear ;
And casting many things in mind,
Great fault therewith she seem'd to find ;
But in her self she thought it shame,
To make that soul which God did frame :
Most costly robes full rich therefore,
In bravest sort that day she wore ;
Doing all that e're she might,
To set her beauty forth to sight :
And her best skill in every thing,
She shew'd to entertain the King.
Wherefore the King so snared was,
That reason quite from him did pass :
His heart by her was set on fire,
He had to her a great desire :
And for the looks he gave her then,
For every look she shew'd him ten.
Wherefore the King perceived plain,
His love and looks were not in vain.
Upon a time it chanced so,
The King he woul'd a hunting go :

And

The Garland of Good-will.

And as they through a Wood did ride,
The Earl on horse-back by his side :
For so the story teller plain,
That with a shaft the Earl was slain :
So that when he had lost his life,
He took the Lady unto wife ;
Who married her all harm to shun,
By whom he did beget a Son :
Thus he that did the King deceive,
Did by desert his death receive :
Then to conclude and make an end,
Be true and faithful to thy friend.

F I N I S.

How Coventry was made free by Godina,
Countess of Chester.
To the Tune of, Prince Arthur died at Ludlow

Leofricus that Noble Earl
of Chester, as I read,
Did for the City of Coventry,
many a noble Deed :
Great Priviledges for the Town,
this Noble Man did get ;
And of all things did make it so,
that they Tole-free did sit :
Have only that for Horses still,

The Gar'and of Good-will.

and did some custom pay,
Which was great Charged unto the Town,
full long and many a day :
Wherefore his wife Godina sair,
did of the Eacl request,
That therefore he would make it free,
as well as all the rest :
So when she long had sued,
her purpose to obtain,
Her Noble Lord at length she took,
within a pleasant vein ;
And unto him with smiling chear,
she did soothwith proceed,
Entreating greatly that he would
perform that Godly deed.
You mode me much, my fair, quoth he,
your suit I fain would shun ;
But what will you perform and do,
to have this matter done ?
Why, any thing, my Lord, (quoth she)
you will with reason crave,
I will perform it with good will,
if I my wish might have.
If thou wilt grant the thing, he said,
what I shall now require,
As soon as it is finished,
thou shalt have thy desire.
Command what you think good, my Lord,

The Garland of Good-will,

I will thereto agree :
On this Condition, that the Town
soz eber may be free :
If thou thy Cloaths strip off,
and here lay them down,
And at Noon-day on house-back ride
stark naked through the Town :
They shall be free soz ebermore,
if thou wilt not do so,
More Liberty then now they have.
I never will bestow.
The Lady at this Strange demand,
was much abasht in mind,
And yet soz to fulfill this thing,
she never a whit repin'd :
Wheresoze to all Officers
of the Town she sent,
That they perceiving her good will,
whch soz the weal was bent :
That on the day that she shold ride,
all persons through the Town,
Shoulo keep their houses, shut their Doores,
and clap their Windows down :
So that no Creature young or old,
should in the Streets be seen,
Till she had ridden all about,
throughout the City clean :
And when the day of Raying came,

The Garland of Good-will.

no person did her see,
Having her Lord, after whch tyme,
the Town was ever set free.

FINIS.

5.

How the Dukes Daughter of Cornwall being
Married unto King Locrin, was by him put
away; and a strange Lady, whom he better
loved, he married and made her his Queen;
and how his Wife was avenged.

To the Tune of, In Crete.

When Humber in his wraughtful rage,
King Albanack in field had slain,
Those bloody brollys to asswage,
King Locrin then apply'd his pain;
And with a host of Britains stout,
At length he found King Humber out.

At vantage great he met him there,
and with his host beset him so,
That he destroy'd his warlike men,
and Humber's power did overthow:
And Humber which for fear did flye,
Leapt into a River desperately.

And

The Garland of Good-will.

And being drowned in the Deep,
he left a Lady there alive,
Which sadly did lament and weep,
for fear they should her like despise :
But by her face that was so fair,
The King was caught in Cupids snare.

He took this Lady to his Love,
who secretly did keep it still,
So that the Queen did quickly probe,
the King did bear her much good-will :
Which though by Wiedloek late begun,
He had by her a gallant Son.

Queen Guendoline was griev'd in mis'ry,
to see the King was alter'd so,
At length the cause she chanc'd to find,
which brought her to most bitter woe :
For Estrild was his joy (God-wot)
By whom a Daughter he begot.

The Duke of Cornwall being dead,
the Father of that gallant Queen,
The King with lust being overlast,
his lawful Wife he cast off clean :
Who with her dear and tender Son,
for succour did in Cornwall run.

Then

The Garland of Good-will.

Then Locrin Crowned Estrild bright,
and made of her his lawful wife ;
With her which was his heart's delight,
he thought to lead his life :
Thus Guendoline, as one forlorn,
Did hold her wretched life in scorn.

But when the Cornish men did know,
the great abuse she did endure,
With her a number great did go,
which she by Prayers did procure :
In Battel then they marcht along,
For to redress this grievous wrong.

And near a Riber called Store,
the King with all his host she met,
Where both the Armies fought full sore,
but yet the Queen the Field did get :
Yet e're they did the Conquest gain,
The King was with an Arrow slain.

Then Guendoline did take in hand,
until her son was come to age,
The Government of all the Land,
but first her fury to allwage :
She did command her Souldiers bold,
To drown both Estrild and her Child.

The Garland of Good-will.

Incontinent then did they byng
fair Estrild to the Riber side,
And Sabrine, daughter to a King,
whom Guendoline could not abide:
Who being bound together fast,
Into the Riber there was cast.

And ever since that running stream,
wherein the Ladies drowned were,
Is called Savern through the Country,
because that Sabrine dyed there.
Thus those that did to lewdness band,
Were brought unto a woful end.

F I N I S.

6.

A Song of Queen *Isabel*, Wife to King *Edward* the Second; how by the *Spencers* she was constrained secretly to go out of *England* with her eldest Son, Prince *Edward*, to seek for succour in *France*, and what happened unto her in her Journey.

Proud were the *Spencers*, & of condition ill,
All *England* and the *King* likewise,
They ruled at their will:
And many *Lords* and *Nobles* of the Land,
Through

The Garland of Good-will.

Through their occasions lost their lives,
and none did them withstand :
And at the last they did encrease much grief,
Between the Queen and Isabel,
his Queen and faithful wife :
So that her life she diaded wondrous soye,
And cast within her secret thoughts,
some present help theresoye.

That went with countenance grave and
That with Thomas Becket's Tonib, (sage,
might go on Pilgrimage :
Then being joyful to have that happy chance,
her Son and she took ship with speed,
and sailed into France :
And Royally she was received then,
By the King and all the rest,
of Peers and Noblemen :
And unto him at last she did exply,
The cause of her arrival there,
her cause and headiness.

When as her Brother her grief did understand,
He gave her leave to gathet men,
throught hout his famous Land :
And made a promise to aid her evertmorse,
As oft as she should stand in need,
of Gold and Silver soye :

But

The Garland of Good-will.

But when indeed she did require the same,
He was as far from doing it,

as when she thither came;

And did proclaim, whilst matters were so,
That none on pain of death should go,
to ask the English Queen.

This alteration did greatly grieve the Queen,
That down along her comely face,
the bitter tears were seen:

When she perceiv'd her friends forsook her so,
She knew not for her safety,
which way to turn or go:

But through good hap, at last she then decreed,
To seek in fruitful Germany,
some succour to this need:

And to Sir John Hainault then went she,
Who entertain'd this woful Queen,
with great solemnity.

(plain'd,

And with great sorrow to him she then com-
Of all her griefs and injuries,

which she of late sustain'd:

(light

So that with weeping she dim'd her princely
The sum whereof did greatly grieve

that noble courteous Knight:

(be,

Who made an oath he would her champion
And in her Quarrel spend his Blood,

from

The Garland of Good-will.

From wrong to set her free :

And all my friends with whom I may prevail,
Shall help so to advance your state,
Whiles truth no time shall fail.

And in his promise most faithful he was found,
And many Lords of great account,
Was in his Voyage bound ;
So setting forward with a goodly Train,
At length, through Gods special Grace,
Into England they came.
At Harwich then, when they were aboore,
Of English Lords and Barons bold,
There came to her great store :
Which did rejoice the Queens afflicted heart,
That English Lords in such sorte,
came so to take her part.

When as King Edward heede did understand,
How that the Queen with such a power,
Was entered on his Land : (part,
And how his Nobles were gone to take her
He fled from London presently,
Even with a heaby heart :
And with the Spencers unto Bristol ga,
To sojourn that gallant Town,
great cost he did bestow :
Leaving behnd to govern London Town.

The Garland of Good-will.

The stout Bishop of Exeter,
whose pride was soon pull'd down.

The Mayor of London with Citizens great
The Bishop and the Spencers both, (Note,
in heart they did abhor.

Therefore they took him without fear or dread,
And at the Standard in Cheapside,
they smote off his head.

Unto the Queen then this message they sent,
The City of London was
at her Commandement ;
Wherefore the Queen with all her company,
Did straight to Bristol march amain,
whereas the King did lie.

Then she besieg'd the City round about,
Threatning sharp and cruel death,
to those that were so stout ;
Wherefore the Townsmen, their Children, and
Did yield the City to the Queen, (their wives,
for safeguard of their lives :

Where was took, the stoy plain doth tell,
Sir Hugh Spencer, and with him,
the Earl of Arundel ?

This judgment just the Nobles did set down,
They shoulde drawn and hanged both,
in sight of Bristol Town.

C

Then

The Garland of Good-will.

Then was King Edward in the Castle there,
And Hugh Spencer still with him,
 in dread and deadly feare ;
And being prepar'd from thence to sail away,
The winds were found contrary,
 they were enfoyc'd to stay :
But at last Sir John Beaumont Knight,
Did bring his sailing ship to shore,
 and so did stay their flight :
And so these men were taken speedily,
And brought as Prisoners to the Queen,
 which did in Bristol lie.

The Queen by counsel of the Lord & Barons
To Barkley sent the King, (bold,
 there to be kept in hold :
And young Hugh Spencer that did much ill
 to the Marshal of the Host, (procure,
 sent unto keeping sure :
And then the Queen to Hereford took her way,
With all her warlike Company,
 which late in Bristol lay :
And hece behold how Spencer was
From town to town, even as the Queen
 to Hereford did pass.

Upon a Jade which they by chance had found,
Young Spencer mounted was,
 with

The Garland of Good-will.

With legs and hands fast bound :
A writing paper along as he did go,
Upon his head he had to wear,
Which did his treason show :
And to decide this Traytor lewd and ill,
Certain men with Breden pipes,
Did blow before him still ;
Thus was he led along in every place,
While many people did rejoice,
To see his strange disgrace.

When unto Hereford our noble Queen was
She did assemble all the Lords (comic
and Knights bothall and some ;
And in their presence young Spencer judgment
To be both hang'd and quartered, (had,
his treasons were so bad :
Then was the King deposed of his Crown,
From rule and Princely Dignity,
the Lords did cast him down,
And in his life his Son both wise and sage,
Was Crown'd King of Sait England,
at fifteen years of age.

F I N I S.

The Garland of Good-will.

7.

A Song of the banishment of the two Dukes,
of Hereford and Norfolk.

Two noble Dukes of great renown,
that long had liv'd in fame ;
Through hateful envy were cast down,
and brought to sudden shame :
The Duke of Hereford was the one,
a prudent Prince and wise,
Against whom such malice there was shewn,
which soon in sight did rise.

The Duke of Norfolk most untrue,
declar'd unto the King,
The Duke of Hereford greatly grew,
in hatered of each thing :
Which by his grace was acted still,
against both high and low,
How he had a traitorous will,
his State to overthow.

The Duke of Hereford then in hasse,
was sent for to the King,
And by the Lords in order plac'd,
examined of each thing :
Who being guiltless of this crime,
whch was against him laid :
The Duke of Norfolk at that time,

The Garland of Good-will.

these words unto him said.

How canst thou with a shameless face,
deny a truth so stout ;
And here before his Royal Grace,
so falsly face it out ?
Did not these wicked treasons pass,
when we together were,
How that the King unworthy was,
the Royal Crown to bear ?

Wherefore my gracious Lord, quoth he,
and you his Noble Peers,
To whom I wish long life to be,
with many happy years :
I do pronounce before you all,
this treacherous Lord that's here,
A Traytor to our Noble King,
as time shall shew it clear.

The Duke of Hereford hearing that,
in mind was grieved much,
And did return this answer flat,
which did Duke Norfolk touch :
The term of Traytor, treacherous Duke,
in scorn and great disdain,
With flat defiance to thy face,
I do return again.

The Garland of Good-will.

And therfore is it please your Grace,
to grant me leabe quoth he,

To Combate with my unknowne For,
that here accuseth me :

I do not doubt but plainly prove,
that like a persw'd Knight,
He hath most fally sought my shame,
against all truth and right.

The King did grant this just request,
and did therewith agree,

At Coventry in August next,
this Combat fough't should be :

The Dukes on sturdy Steeds full stout,
In Coats of Steel most bright,
With Spears in rest, did enter Lists,
this Combat fierce to figh't.

The King then cast his Wardens down,
commanding them to stay,

And with his Lords he counsel took,
to stint that mortal fray :

At length unto these Noble Dukes,
the King of Heralds came,
And unto them with lofty speech,
this Sentence did proclaim,

Sir Henry Bullenbrook, this day,

The Garland of Good-will.

the Duke of Hereford here,
And Thomas Maubry, Norfolk Duke,
so valiant did appear:
And having in honourable sort,
repaired to this place,
Duz Noble King for special cause
hath alter'd thus the case.

First Henry Duke of Hereford,
e're fifteen days be past,
Shall part the Realm on pain of death,
while ten years space doth last:
And Thomas Duke of Norfolk now,
that hath begun this strife,
And therefore no good proof can bring,
I say for term of life.

By judgement of our Sovereign Lord,
which now in place doth stand,
for evermore I banish thee,
out of thy Native Land:
Charging thee on pain of death,
when fifteen days are past,
Thou never tread on English ground,
so long as life doth last.

Thus they were sworn before the King,
e're they did further pass,

The Garland of Good-will.

The one should never come in place,
where as the other was ;
Then both the Dukes with heavy hearts,
was parted presently,
Their uncouth streams of froward chance,
of forreign Lands to try.

The Duke of Norfolk coming then,
where he wold shipping take,
The bitter tears fell down his cheeks,
and that his moan did make :
Now let me sigh and sob my fill,
e're I from hence depart,
That inward pangs with speed may burst
my sore afflicted heart.

Ah cursed man ! whose loathed life
is held so much in scorn,
Whose Company is clean despis'd,
and left as one forlorn :
Now take thy leave and last adieu
of this thy Country dear,
Which never more thou must behold,
nor yet approach it near.

How happy should I account my self,
if death my heart had torn ;
That I might have my bones entomb'd

The Garland of Good-will.

where I was bred and born :
By that by Neptunes wazful cage,
I might be prest to dye :
Whilst that sweet Englands pleasant banks,
did stand before mine eye.

How sweet a scent hath English ground,
within my fences now,
How fair unto my outward sight,
seems every branch and bough :
The fields and flowers, the streets and stones,
seem such unto my mind,
That in all other Countries sure,
the like I shall never find.

That the Sun with shining face,
would stay his steed by strength.
That this same day might stretched be,
to twenty years in length ;
And that the true performed tyde,
these hasty couers would stay,
That Eolus would never yield,
to bear me hence away.

That by the fountain of my eyes,
the fields might watered be,
That I might graue my grieuous plaints,
upon each sprynging tree :

But

The Garland of Good-will.

But time I see with Eagles wings,
so swift doth fly away ;
And dusky clouds begin to dim,
the brightness of the day.

The fatal hour draweth on,
the winds and tides agree,
And now sweet England oversoon.

I must depart from thee :
The mariners have hoised sail,
and call to catch me in,
And now in woful heart I feel,
my torments to begin,

Wheresoever farewell for ever more,
sweet England unto thee,
But farewell all my friends which I
again shall never see :
And England here I kiss thy ground,
upon my bended knee,
Whereto to shew to all the world,
how dearly I love thee.

This being said, away he went,
as fortune did him guide,
And at the length with grief of heart,
in Venice there he dy'd :
The Noble Duke in doleful sort,

did

XII

The Garland of Good-will.

did lead his life in France,
And at the last the mighty Lord,
did him full high advance.

The Lord of England afterwards,
did send for him again,
While that King Richard at the Wars,
in Ireland did remain :
Who brought the vile and great abuse,
which through his deeds did spring ;
Deposed was, and then the Duke
was truly Crowned King.

F I N I S.

8.

The Noble Acts of *Arthur* of the Round
Table.

To the Tune of, Flying Fame.

VVen Arthur first in Court began,
and was approved King ;
By force of arms great Victories won,
and conquest home did bring :
Then in Britain straight he came,
where sly good and able
Knights, then repaid unto him,
which were of the Round Table.

And

The Garland of Good-will.

And many Justs and Turnaments,
before them that were dress'd,
Where valiant Knights did then excell,
and far surmount the rest :
But one Sir Lancelot du lake,
who was approved well,
He in his fights and deeds of arms,
all others did excell,
When he had rested him a while,
to play, to game, and sport,
He thought he would to try himself,
in some adventurous sort :
He armed rode in Forest wide,
and met a Damsel faire,
Who told him of adventures great,
whereto he gabe good ear :
Why should I not, quoth Lancelot tho'
for that cause I came hither,
Thou seem'st (quoth she) a Knight right good,
and I will bring thee thither :
Whereas the mighty Knight doth dwell,
that now is of great fame,
Therefore tell me what Knight thou art,
and then what is your name.
My name is Lancelot du lake,
quoth she, it likes me than
Here dwells a Knight that never was
e're match'd with any man ;

Who

The Garland of Good-will.

Who has in Pysson threescore Knights
and four that he has wound:
Knights of King Arthurs Court they be,
and of his Table round:
She brought him to a Riber-side,
and also to a tree,
Whereton a Copper Bason hung,
his fellowes Shields to see.
He struck so hard, the Bason broke,
when Tarquin heard the sound,
He dyde a Hoise before him streight,
whereon a Knight lay bound:
Sir Knight, then said Sir Lancelot tho'
Bring me that Hoise-hoade hit her,
And lay him down and let him rest,
we'l try our force together:
And as I understand thou hast,
so far as thou art able;
Done great despight and shame unto
the Knights of the Round Table.
If thou be of the Table round,
(quoth Tarquin speedily)
Both thee and all thy fellowship,
I utterly desse:
That's overmuch, quoth Lancelot tho',
defend thee by and by;
They put their spurs unto their Steeds,
and each at other stie,

They

The Garland of Good-will.

They couch thest spears, and horses ran,
as though there had been thunder,
And each struck them amids the shield,
wherewith they broke in sundre :
Their horses backs break under them,
the Knights were both aston'd,
To hold their horses they made great hast,
to light upon the ground :
They took them to their shields full fast,
their swords they drew out then,
With mighty stroaks most eagerly,
each one at other ran :
They wounded were, and bled full sore,
for byrth they both did stand,
And leaning on these swords a while,
quoth Tarquin hold thy hand ;
And tell to me what I shall ask,
say on, quoth Lancelot tho,
Thou art, quoth Tarquin, the best Knight,
that ever I did know :
And like a Knight that I did hate,
so that thou be not he,
I will deliver all the rest,
and eke accord with thee :
That is well said quoth Lancelot then,
but sith it must be so,
What is the Knight thou hatest so,
I pray thee to me shew.

The Garland of Good-will.

His Name is Sir Lancelot du Lake,
he slew my Brother dear,
him I suspect of all the rest,
I would I had him here :
Thy wish thou hast, but yet unknown,
I am Lancelot du Lake,
New Knight of Arthurs Table round,
kind Hounds Son of Seuwake ;
And I desir thee, do thy worst,
Ho, ho, quoth Tarquin tho,
One of us two shall end our lives,
before that we do go :
If thou be Lancelot du lake,
then welcome shalt thou be,
Wheresoever see thou thy self defend,
for now I desir thee ;
They buckled together so,
like two wild Bores rushing,
And with their Swords and Shields they ran,
at one another clashing :
The ground besprinkled was with blood,
Tarquin began to faint,
for he gave back, and boze his shield
so low he did repent :
Then soon spied Sir Lancelot tho,
he leapt upon him then,
Do pull'd him down upon his knee,
and rushing off his helme,

Ar. D

The Gafland of Good-will.

And then he struck his Neck in two,
and when he had doen so ;
From prison, threescore Knights and four,
Lancelot delivered tho.

F I N I S.

9.

A Song in Praise of Women. To a pleasant
new Tune : called, *My Valentine.*

A mong all other things,
that God hath made beneath the Sky ;
Most glorious to satisfie the curious eye
of Mortal men withall :
The light of Eve,
Did soonest sit his fancy,
Whose courtesie and amity most speedily,
had caught his heart in th' all :
Whom he did love so deare,
As plainly doth appear,
He made her Queen of all the wold,
and Mistresse of his heart ;
Though afterwards she wrought his woe,
his death and deadly smart.

What need I speak
Of matters passed long ago, (or low,
Which all men know, I need not shew, to high
the

The Garland of Good-will.

the case it is so plain,
Although that Eve committed then so great,
E're she went hence:
A recompence in desence,
She made mankind again:
For by her blessed Deed,
We are redeem'd indeed.
Why should not then, all mortal men,
Esteem of Women well?
And love their wifes, even as these lives,
As nature doth compell.

A virtuous wife,
The scripture doth command, and say;
That night and day, she is a stay, from all decay
To keep her husband still;
She useth not
To give her self a wandring,
Or flatering, or prating, or any thing,
To do her neighbour ill;
But all her mind is bent,
His pleasures is content;
Her faithful love doth not remove,
For any sorrow of grief:
Then is not he well blest, think ye,
That meets with such a wife?
But now methinks,

The Garland of Good-will,

I hear some then do say to me,
Few such there be, in each degree, and quality,
at this day to be found;
And now adays,
Some men do set these whole delight,
Both day and night, with all despite, to brawle
their rage did so abound: (and fight,
But sure I think and say,
here comes no such to day;
Nor do I know of any she,
that is within that place,
And yet for fear, I dare swear,
it is so hard a case:
But to conclude,
For Maids and Wives, and Virgins all,
Both great or small, in Bower or Hall, to pray
so long as life doth last; (I shall
That they may live,
With hearts content, and perfect peace,
That joys increase, moy never cease, till death
the care that crept so fast: (release,
For beauty doth me blind,
To have them all in mind,
Even for her sake, that doth me make,
so merry to be seen:
The glory of the Female kind,
I mean our Noble Queen.

F I N I S.

The Garland of Good-will.

A Song in praise of a single Life. To the Tune of, 'The Ghosts Harsle.'

Some do wyte of bloody wars,
Some do shew the several jars,
twixt men through envy raised,
Some in prasse of Princes wife,
Some set therst whole delight,
to her fair Beauty blazed :
Some other persons are inov'd,
for to prasse wherr they are lob'd :
And let lobers prasse beauty as they will,
other ways I am intended ;
True love is little regarded,
And often goes unwarded :
Then to avoid all strife,
Ie resolve to lead a single life,
whereby the heart is not offended.

O what lust and service too,
Is used by them that woe ;
O what grief in heart and mind,
What sorrow we do find ;
through womans fond behaviour :
Subject to suffer each hour,
and speeches sharp and sover ;

The Garland of Good-will,

And labo^r, labe, and cost, perchance 'tis but all
and no way to be amended, (lost,
And so purchase pleasure,
And after repent at leisure,
Then to avoid all strife, &c.

To man in wedded state,
Doth happen much debate,
except Gods special favour,
If his wif^e be proudly bent,
Or secretly consent,
to any lewd behaviour:
If she be sloathful or sole,
Or such as her tongue can^t bidle,
Or then well were he,
If death his bane would be;
no sorrow else can be amended,
For look how long he were living,
Evermore he would be glisting,
Then to avoid all strife, &c.

Married folks we often hear,
Even through their children dear,
have many causes of sorrow;
If disobedient they be found,
Or false in any ground,
by these unlawfull sorrows;
To see such wicked fellows,

The Garland of Good-will.

shamefully come unto the Gallows,
Whom Parents with great care,
Nourished with dainty fare,
From their Cradle truly tended ;
When as their Mothers before them,
Doth curse the day that e're they bore them,
Then to avoid all strife, &c.

Do we then behold and see,
When men and wives agree,
And live together ;
Where the Lord hath sent them eke,
False Children mild and meek,
Like flowers in summer weather :
How greatly are they grieved,
And will not by joy be relieved,
If that Death doth call,
Either Wife or Children small,
Whom their virtues do commend,
Their losses whom they thus added,
From their hearts cannot be moved,
Then to avoid all strife, &c.

Who being in that happy state,
Would work himself such hate,
His fancy so to follow :
By living here devoid of strife,
Would take him to a wife,

The Gar'and of Good-will.

for to procure his sorrow,
With carping and with caring,
Evermore must be sparing,
Were he not worse than mad,
being merry would be sad.
Were he to be commended,
That e're would seek much pleasure,
Where grief is all his creature :
Then to avoid all strife, &c.

II.

The VViddows Solace. To the Tune of, Robinson Africain.

Mourn no more fair Widow,
thy tears are all in vain,
'Tis neither grief nor sorrow
can call the dead again :
Mans well enough compared,
unto the Hummers flower,
Which now is fair and pleasant,
yet withereth in an hour :
And mourn no more in vain,
as one whose faith is small ;
Be patient in affliction,
and give God thanks for all.

All men are born to dye,

The Garland of Good-will.

the Scripture telleth plain,
Of Earth we were created,
to Earth we must again :
'Twas neither Croesus treasure,
nor Alexanders fame,
Nor Solomon by wisdom,
that could Deaths fury tame ;
So Physick might preserbe them,
when nature did decay.
What man can hold for ever,
the thing that will away ?
Then mourn no more, &c.

Though you have lost your Husband,
your comfort in distress ;
Consider God regardeth
the Widows heaviness :
And hath strictly charged
such as His Children be,
The Fatherless and Widow,
to shield from injury :
Then mourn no more, &c.

If he were true and faithful,
and loving unto thee,
Doubt not but there's in England,
enough as good as he :
But if that such affection,

The Garland of Good-will.

Within this heart was note ;
Then give God praise and glory,
that he is dead and gone :
And mourn no more, &c.

Receive such visitors friendly,
as do resort to thee,
Respect not the outward person,
but the inward gravity :
And with abhissed judgements,
chuse him above the rest,
Whom thou by proos hast tryed,
Then mourn no more, &c.

Then shalt thou live a life,
exempt from all annoy ;
And whensoe'er it chanceth,
I pray God give thee joy :
And thus I make an end,
with true humility ;
In hope my simple solate,
may well excepted be :
Then mourn no more, &c.

FINIS.

A Gentle-

The Garland of Good-will.

12.

A Gentlewoman's Complaint, in that she found her Friend faithless, which should have continued constant.

Faith is a Figure standing now for nought,
Faith is a fancy we ought to cast in thought,
Faith now abays, as all the world may see,
Resteth in few, and faith is fled from thee.

Is there any faith in strangers to be found ?
Is there any faith lies hidden in the ground ?
Is there any faith in men that butted be ?
No, there is none, and faith is fled from thee.

Fled is the faith that might remain in any,
Fled is the faith that should remain in many,
Fled is the faith that should in any be,
Then farewell hope, for faith is fled from thee.

From faith I see that every one is flying,
From faith I see that all things are a dying;
They fly from faith that most in faith should be
And faithless thou that brake thy faith to me.

Thee have I sought, but thee I could not find,
Thou of all others was most within my mind;
Thee have I left, and I alone will be,
Because I find that faith is fled from thee.

Of

The Garland of Good-will.

13.

Of the Prince of England, who wooed the
Kings Daughter of France, and how he
was slain, and she afterwards Married to
a Forrester.

To the Tune of, Crimson Velvet.

In the days of Old, when fair France did flourish,
Stories plainly told,
Lovers felt annoy ;
The King a Daughter had,
beautiful, fair, and lovely,
Which made her Father glad,
She was his onely joy :
A Prince of England come,
Whose deeds his merit fame,
he wo'd her long, and soe at last,
Took what he did require,
She granted his desire,
their hearts in one were linked fast :
which when her Father probed,
Lord how he was moved,
and tormented in his mind,
He sought for to prevent them,
And to discontent them,
fortune crossed Lovers kind.

With

The Garland of Good-will.

When as these Princely twain,
were thus bar'd of pleasure,
Through the Kings disdain,
which their joys withstood,
The Lady lockt up close
her jewels and her treasure,
Having no remorse
of state or Royal blood :
In hainly poor array,
She went from Court away,
to meet her love and hearts delight :
Who in a forest great,
Had taken up his seat,
to wait her coming in the night :
But loe what sudden danger,
To this Princely stranger,
chanced as he sat alone :
By Out-laws he was robbed,
And with Poniard stabbed,
uttering many dying groan.

The Prince armed by him,
and by true desire,
Wandering all that night,
without dread at all :
Still unknown the past,
in her strange attire,
Coming at the last, within

The Garland of Good-will.

Within Echoes call,
You fair Wood, quoth he,
Honoured may you be,
harbouring my heares delight,
Which doth incompaſſe here,
My joy and only deare,
my truely ſtied and comely Knight.
Sweet I come unto thee,
Sweet I come to woether,
that thou mayſt not angry be ;
For my long delaying
And thy courteous staying,
amends for all ſe make to thee.

Passing thus alone,
through the ſilent forreſt,
Many a grieuous groan
ſounded in her ear,
Where ſhe heard a Man
to lament the loyed,
Chance that euer came,
ſorec'd by deadly ſtrife ;
Farewel my deare, quoth he,
Whom I ſhall never ſee,
for why, my life is at an end,
For thy ſweet ſake I dye,
Through Villaines cruelty,
to whom I am a falſhful friend :

Here

The Garland of Good-will.

Here lyg I a bleeding,
Whilc my thoughts are feeding,
on the rarest beauty found,
O hard hap that may be,
Little knowst my Lady,
my heart blood lies on the ground.

With that he gave a groan,
that bweak did assunder
All the tender strings
of his gentle heart,
She who knew his voice,
at his tale did wonder,
All her sorrows soys,
did to grief convert.
Straight she ran to see,
Who this man should be,
that so like her love did speach,
And found when as she came,
Her lovely Lord lay slain,
smear'd in blood, which life did break.

Which when that she espied,
Lord how sore she cryed,
her sorrows could not counted be,
Her eyes like fountains running,
Whilc she cry'd out my darling,
would God that I had dy'd for thee.

Dis

The Garland of Good-will.

His pale Lips alas, 二十次他被殺
Twenty times he killed, 你殺了他二十次
And his face did wash, 他洗臉
With her brinish tears. 她的眼淚

Every bleeding wound, 每一個流血的傷口
Her fair face bedewed, 她那美麗的臉被潤澤
Wiping off the blood, 擦掉血
With her Golden hast. 用她的金髮
Speak fair Prince to me, 親愛的王子請對我說
One sweet word of Comfort give, 一句溫暖的話
Lift up thy fair eyes, 睜開你那雙美麗的眼睛
Listen to my cries, 聽聽我的哭聲
Think in what great grief I lie: 我躺在此處，心中極為悲傷
All in vain she sued, 她求告無效
All in vain she wooed, 她追求無效
The Princess life was gone: 公主的生命已逝
There stood she still mouthing, 她站在那裡，不斷地說著
Till the Sun's approaching, 直到太陽將要昇起
And bright day was coming on. 明亮的一天即將到來

In this great distress, 在這巨大的危難中
Quoth this Royal Lady, 這位尊貴的女士說道
Who can now express, 誰能形容
What will become of me? 我會怎樣
To my Father's Court 到我父親的宮殿
Never will I wander, 我從不遠離
But some Secret seek, 尋找某種秘密
Where

The Garland of Good-will.

where I may placed be,
whilst she thus inside her moon,
sleeping all alone,
in this deep and deadly seat :
A Forrester all in green,
Most comely to be seen,
ranging the wood did find him there,
Round beset with sorrow,
Maid (quoth he) good morrow,
what hard hap hath brought you here ?
harder hap had never,
Chance to a Morden ever,
here lies slain my Forrester dear.

Where might I be plac'd,
gentle Forrester tell me,
Where might I procure
a service in my need ?
Pains I will not spare,
but will do my duty,
Ease me of my care,
help my extream need.

The Forrester all amazed,
On her beauty gazed,
till his heart was set on fire,
If fair Maid (quoth he)
You will go with me,
you shall have your hearts desire.

He

The Garland of Good-will.

He brought her to his Mother,
And above all other,
he set forth this Maidens praise,
Long was his heart inflamed,
At length her love he gained,
So fortune did his glory raise.

Thus unknown he matcht
with the Kings fair daughter,
Children seven he had,
e're she to him was known:
But when he understood
she was a Royal Princess,
By this means at last,
he shewd forth her荣
He cloath'd his Children then,
Not like other men,
in party colours strange to see,
The right side Cloth of Gold,
The left side to behold,
of woollen Cloth all stained he.

Men thereat did wonder,
Golden Fame did thunder,
this strange deed in every place;
The King of France came thither,
Being pleasant weather,
in these Woods the Park to chase.

THE GARLAND OF GOOD-WILL

The Children thereto came, and said unto me
as their Mother willed, Where the Royal King
must of force come by,
Their Mother richly clad
in fair Crimson, before
Their Father all in Crimson
most comely to the eye.
When this famous King
Noting every thing
did ask how he durst be so bold
To let his daughter in the world so freely run
And deck his Children thereto
in costly Robes of Pearl and Gold.

The forester both replied
and the cause described
and to the King he thus did say,
Well mayst thou be a noble son
Dear to thy Gold like other
being by birth a King,
The King upon these words
more heavily beheld them,
In a crimson bosome
his countenance pale,
The more I look (quoth he)
upon the child, and the daughter of mine
The more I fear to think,

The Garland of Good-wills
my daughter whom I lost,
I am that Child (quoth she)
falling on her knee,
pardon me my Sovereign Liege:
The King perceiving this,
his daughter dear did kill,
till joyful tears did stop his speech:
With his Train he turned,
And with her sojourned,
straight he dab'd her Husband Knight,
He made him Earl of Flanders,
One of his chief Commanders,
thus was their sorrow put to flight.

P I N I S.

Of the faithful friendship that lasted between
two faithful Friends.

To the Tune of, *Flying Fame*,
In stately Rome sometimes did dwell
a Man of noble fame,
Who had a Son of mighty shape,
Alphonso was his Name;
When he was grown and come to age,
his Father thought it best,
To send his Son to Athens late,
where Wisdoms School did late.

And when he was to Athens come,

The Garland of Good-will.

good Lectures to learn,
A place to board him with delight,
his friends did well discern :
A Noble Knight of Athens Town,
of him did take the charge,
Who had a Son Ganselo call'd,
just of his pitch and age.

In stature and in person both,
in labour, speech, and face ;
In quality and conditions etc.,
they 'greed in every place :
So like they were in all respects,
the one unto the other,
They were not known but by these names,
of Father or of Mother.

And as in labour they were found,
alike in all respects,
Even so they did most dearly love,
and prove by good effects :
Ganselo lov'd a Lady Late,
which did in Athens dwell,
Who was in beauty peerless found,
so far she did exceed.

Upon a time it chanced so,
as fancy did him move,

The Garland of Good-will,

That he would visit for delight,
his Lady and his Love,
And to his true and faithful friend,
he declared the same,
Asking of him, if he would see
that fair and comely Dame.

Alphonso did thereto agree,
and with Ganselo went,
To see the Lady which he loved,
which bred his discontent,
But when he cast his eyes
upon her Angels true,
The beauty of that Lady did
did straight his heart subdue,
His gentle heart so wounded was,
with that fair Ladys face,
That afterwards he daily lay
in sad and woful case,
And of his grief he knew not how
therefore to make an end,
For that he knew his Ladys love,
his friend
was yielded to his friend.

Thus being sore perplext in mind,
upon his Bed he lay,
Like one which death had
near him.

The Garland of Good-will.

had almost worn away
his friend Garscio that did see
his gries and great distres,
At length requested so to know
his cause of heauinesse.

With much ado at length he told
the truch unto his friend ; and desired
Who did reliefe his sorrow
with comfort to the end ;
Take courage then, dear friend, quoth he,
though she through some be mine
By right I will resign to thee,
the Lady shall be thine.

You knwo our fawours are alike,
our speech also likewise ;
This day in mine apparel then,
you shall your self disguise :
And unto Church then shall you go,
directly in my stead.
Loe though my friends suppose 'tis I,
you shall the Lady wed.

Alphonso was so well appaid,
and as they had decreed,
He went that day and wedded plain,
the Lady there indeed.

The Garland of Good-will,
But when the Nuptial Feast was done,
and Phœbus quite was fled,
The Lady for Ganselo took
Alphonso to her bed.

That night they spent in pleasant sport,
and when the day was come,
A Post for fast Alphonso came,
to fetch him home to Rome ;
Then was the matter plainly prov'd,
Alphonso wedded was,
And now Ganselo to that Dame,
which brought great woe, alas.

Alphonso being gone to Rome,
with this his Lady gay,
Ganselo's Friends and Kindred all,
in such a rage did stay,
That they dep'v'd him of his wealth,
his Land and rich Attire ;
And banish'd him their Country quite,
in rage and wretched see.

With sad and pensive thoughts alas,
Ganselo wandered then,
Who was constrain'd through want to beg,
relief of many men.
In this distresse oft would he say,

The Garland of Good-will.

to Rome I mean to go,
To seek Alphonso, my dear friend,
who will relieve my woe.

To Rome when poor Ganselo came,
and found Alphonso's place,
Which was so famous, huge, and fair,
himself in such poor case ;
He was ashamed to shew himself,
in that his poor array,
Saying Alphonso knoweth me well,
If he would come this way.

Therefore he staid without the street,
Alphonso then came by,
But heeding not Ganselo poor,
his friend that stood so nigh ;
Which griev'd Ganselo to the heart,
quoth he, and is it so ?
Dost proud Alphonso now disdain,
his friend indeed to know ?

In desperate sort away he went,
into a Barn hard by.
And presently he drew his knife,
thinking thereto to doe :
And bitterly in sojourn there,
he did lament and weep,

The Garland of Good-will.

And being over-weighted with grief,
he there fell fast asleep.

While soundly there he sweetly slept,
come in a murthering Thise,
And saw a naked knife ly by,
this man so full of grief:
The knisse so bright he took up straight,
and went away a'main,
And thrust it in a murthered man,
which before he had slain.

And afterwards he went with speed,
and put this bloody knise,
Into his hand that sleeping lay,
to save himself from stresse:
Which done, away in haste he ran,
and that search was made,
Ganselo with his bloody knise,
was for the murther stas.

And brought before the Magistrate,
who did confesse most plain,
That he indeed with that same knise,
the murthered man had stas:
Alphonso sitting there as Juge,
and knowing Ganselo's face,
To save his friend, old say, him self
was guilty in that case.

None

The Garland of Good-will

None, quoth Alphonso, kill'd the man,
my Lord, but only I,
And therefore set this poor man free,
and let me sulily dye:
Thus whilc for death these faithful friends,
in striving did proceed,
The man before the Senate came,
which did the fact indeed.

Who being mobed with remorse,
their friendly hearts to see,
Did say before the Judges plain,
none did the fact but he:
Thus when the truth was plainly told,
of all sides say was seen,
Alphonso did embrace his friend,
which had so woful been.

In rich array he cloathed him,
as fitterd his degree,
And helpt him to his Lands again,
and former Dignity:
The Murtherer for telling truth,
had pardon at that time,
Who afterwards lamented much,
this foul and grievous crime,

E I N I S.

The

THE
SECOND PART
OF THE
GARLAND of GOOD-WILL

Song I.

A Pastoral Song to the Tune of,
Hey-bo Holiday.

Upon a Down where Shepherds keep
piping pleasant Raps,
Two Country Maids were keeping Sheep,
and sweetly chanted round-delays :
Three Shepherds each an Oaten Reed,
blaming Cupids cruel wrong,
Unto these Rural Nymphs agreed,
to keep a sumptuous Under-song.

And so they were in number five,
Musicks number sweet,
And we the like, let us contrive,
to sing their Song in order meet
Fair Phillis part I take to me,
she 'gainst loving Hinds complains ;
And Amarillis, thou shalt be,
she defends the Shepherds Swains.

Ph. Eye on the sights that men debise,
Sh. Hey ho, silly sights !

Ph. When

The Garland of Good-will.

Ph. When simple Maids they would entice,
Sh. Maidens are young mens chief delights,
Am. Nay, women they which with their eyes,
Sh. Eyes like beams of burning Sun:
Am. And men once taught they soon despise,
Sh. So are Shepherds oft undone.

Ph. If any young man win a Maid,
Sh. Happy man is he;
Ph. By trusting him she is betray'd,
Sh. Eye upon such Treachery: (gulles,
Am. If Maids will young men with their
Sh. Hey ho, hey ho, guiltless grief,
Am. They deal like weeping Crocodiles,
Sh. That murther men without relief,

Ph. I know a silly Country Kind,
Sh. Hey, ho, hey ho, silly Swain!
Ph. To whom last Daphne proved kind,
Sh. Was he not kind to her again?
Ph. He bow'd to Pan with many an Oath,
Sh. Hey ho, hey ho, Shepherds God is he;
Am. Yet since he hath chang'd & broke his truth
Sh. Truth plight broke, will plagued be.

Am. She had deceaved many Swain,
Sh. Eye upon false deceit;
Am. And plighted croth to them in vain,
Sh. There

The Garland of Goodwill.

Sh. There can be no grefs more gret,

Am. Her measure was with measure paid,

Sh. Hey ho, hey ho, equal need;

Am. She was beguiled that tois betray'd,

Sh. So shall all begetes speed,

Ph. If ever Maid were like to me,

Sh. Hey ho, hey ho, hard of heart!

Ph. Both love and lovers scorn'd should be,

Sh. Scorners should be fife of smart:

Am. If every Maid were of my mind,

Sh. Hey ho, hey ho, lovely sweet,

Am. They to these Lovers should pise him,

Sh. Kindnes is for Maidens meet,

Ph. Methinks Love is an idle toy,

Sh. Hey ho, hey ho, busie plain,

Ph. Both wit and sense is deth annoy,

Sh. Both wit and scuse thereby we gain:

Am. Tush Phyllis, cease, be not so toy,

Ph. Hey ho, hey ho, my disdain!

Am. I know you love a Shepheardes boy,

Sh. See on that woman so com feign,

Ph. Well, Amarillis, now I yield,

Sh. Shepheardes sweetly pipe and sing,

Ph. Love conquers both in tow and field,

Sh. Like a Tygant fierce and proud,

and D. do

Am.

The Garland of Good-will.

Am. The Chenting-time is up we see,
Sh. Vesper-hisnes, we must away,
Ph. And would every Lady would agree,
Sh. So we end our roundelay.

8.

Of Patients Will and a Noble Marques.

Tune is, The Bysdes Good-morrow.

A Noble Marques as he did ride a hunting
hard by a River side,
A proper Maiden as she did sit a spinning,
his gentle eye espide;
Most faire and lovely, and of comely grace was
although in simple attire,
She sang most sweet with pleasant voice into
which set the Lords heart on fire,
The more he lookt, the more he myght,
Beauty bred his hearts delight,
and to this Damosel he wrot:
God speed (quoth he) thou fauours flower,
Fair Miles of this hornely Power,
where loves & vertues libes with sweet contente,
With comely gestures, and modest mide he behaboute
she had him welcome then,
She entertaineth him in faithful friendly manner
and all his Gentlemen.

The

The Garland of Goed-will.

The noble Marques in his hart did such somme
which set his lenses all at strife :

Quoth he, fair Maiden, shew me soon what is

I mean to take thee to my wife : (thy name
Grissel is my name, quoth she,

Far unfit for your degree,
a silly Maidens, and of Parents poor :

Say Grissel, thou art rich, he said,
A virtuous, fair, and comely Maid,

grant me thy love, and I will ask no more.

At length she consented, & being both contented
they married were with speed ;

Her country ruffian was turn'd to silk and helve
as to her state agreed :

And when that she was trimly tyed in the lamine
her beauty shined most bright ;

Far staining every other brabe a comely dame
that did appear in her sight :

Many envied her therefore,
Because she was of Parents poor,

and 'twixt her Lord & her great strife did rasse
Some said this, and some said that,

Some did call her Beggars brat,
and to her Lord they would her oft dispasse.

O noble Marques, quoth they, why do you
thus basely so to wed ; (wrong is

The Garland of Good-will.

That might have got an honourable Lady,
into your Princely Bed :
Who will not now your noble issue still derive,
which shall be hereafter born ;
That are of blood so base by the Mothers side,
the which will bring them to scorn.
Put her therefore quite away,
Take to you a Lady gay,
whereby your Lineage may renownd be ;
Thus every day they seem'd to prate,
That malic'd Grissels good estate,
who took all this most mild and patiently.

When that the Marquesa did see that they were
against his faithful wife, (bent thus
Who most dearly, tenderly, and絮irely,
he lobed as his life :
Minding in secret so to probe her patient heart
thereby her foes to disgrace ;
Thinking to play a hard discourteous part,
that men might pity her case :
Great with Child this Lady was,
And at length it came to pass,
two goodly Children at one birth she had ;
A Son and Daughter God had sent,
Which did their Father well content,
and which did make their Mothers heart full
(glad. Great

The Garland of Good-will.

Great Royal feasting were at these Christmases
and Winckely triumph made, (Christmasing,
Six weeks together, all nobles that came thither
were entertain'd and fed.

And when that all their pleasant sportings were
the Marquess a messenger sent, (were done
for his young daughter, and his pretty smiling
declaring his full intent) (Son
Now that the Babes must murthred be,
For so the Marquess did deeme.

Come let me have the Children he said,
With that fall Grisell wept full sore,
She wzung her hands and said no more,
my gracious Lord must have his will ob're'd.

She took the Babes from the nursing Ladies,
between her tender arms,
She often wishes, with many sorrowful looks
that she might help their harmes.
Farewell, quoth she, my Children deare,
never shall I see you agen.

'Tis long of me, your sad & woulf trouthe deare
for whose sake you must be slain,
Had I been born of Royal Race,
You might have liv'd in happy case,
but now you must dye for my unthorightnes.
Come Messenger of Death, quoth he,
Take my despised Babes to thee,

The Garland of Good-will.

and to their Father my complaints express.

He took the Children, and to his noble Master
he brought them forth with speed ;
Who secretly sent them unto a noble Lady
to be nurst up indeed :

Then to fair Grissel with a heavy heart he goes
where she sat mildly all alone,

A pleasant gesture, and a lovely look she shewes,
None is gries she had never known.

Worth he my Children now are slain,

What thinks fair Grissel of the same,

Sweet Grissel now declare thy mind to me ;
With you my Lord are please'd with it,

Poor Grissel thinking the action fit,

both I and mine at your command will be.

My Nobles murmur, fair Grissel at thy honor
and I no joy can have,

Will thou be banish'd from my Court & presence
as they unjustly craue : (menes,

Then must be stript out of thy stately Gar-
and as thou camest to me,

In homely gray, instead of silk and purcell Pall,
now all my cloathing must be :

My Lady thou must be no more,

Poor I thy Lord which grieseth me soye,
the poore use must now content thy mind;

The Garland of Good-will.

A Groat to thee I may not give,
Thee to mainrain while I do live,
against my Grissel such great woes I find,

When gentle Grissel heard these woful tyddings
the tears stood in her eyes,

She nothing said, no words of discontentment
did from her lips arise:

Her velvet Gown most patiently she stipt off,
her Cirdle of Silk of the same; (a Scott
Her russet gown was brought again with many
to bear them all her self did teame:

When she was drest in this array,
And ready was to part away,

God send long life unto my Lord, quoth she,
Let no offence be found in this,
To give my Lord a parting kiss,
With watry eyes, face wel my dear, quoth she.

From lately Wallace unto her fathirs Cottas
poor Grissel now is gone;
full fifteen winters she liv'd there contented,
no wrong she thought upon; (ches wen
And arbitarie through all the land the spye
the Marquess should married be

Unto a Noble Lay, of high descent,
and to the same all parties did agree:
The Marquess sent for Grissel late,

The Garland of Good-will.

The Brides Bed-chamber to prepare,

that nothing should therein be found awry.

The Byside was with her Brother come,

Which was great joy to all and some,

and Grissel took all this most patiently.

(wedding)

And in the morning when that they should be

her patence now was try'd,

Grissel was charged, in Pynsely maner,

so to attire the Byside :

Most willingly she gav consent unto the same

the Byside in her habery was drest,

And presently the noble Marquess thither came

with all the Ladies at his request :

Oh Grissel I would ask of thee,

If to this Match thou wouldest agree,

methinks thy looks are waked wondrouz ey;

With that they all began to smile,

And Grissel she replies the while,

God send Lord Marquess many years of joy

(leaving)

The Marquess was moved, to see his best be

thus patient in distress.

He slept unto her, and by the hand he took her,

these wordes he did expess :

Thou art the Byside, & all the Brides I mean to

these two thy own Children be,

The youthfull Lady on her biers bid bidding

The Garland of Good-will.

the Brother as willing as me:
And you that envy her estate,
Whom I have made my loving Mate,
now blushing for shame, and honye vertuous life
The Chronicles of lasting fame,
Shall evermore extol the name,
of Patient Grissel my most constant wife;

FINIS.

A pleasant Dialogue between plain *Truth*,
and blind *Ignorance*.

Truth.

GOD speed you ancient Father,
and give you a good day,
What is the cause I pray you,
so sadly here you stay?
And that you keep such gazing,
on this decayed plate,
The which for Superstition,
good Princes down did rage.

Ignorance.

Will tell thee by his wiser,
that sometimes the have known,
A base and goodly Abbey,
Stand here of *Wilk* and *Stone*;
And many holy *Witt*,

The Garland of Good-will.

as ich may say to thee ;
Within these goodly Cloisters,
the dso wall often see.

Truth.

Then I must tell thee, Father,
in truth and verity,
A sort of greater Hypocrites,
thou could'st not likely see :
Deceiving of the simple,
with false and feigned lies,
But such an order truly,
Christ did never devise.

Ignorance.

Ah, ah, the smell thee now man,
the knots well what thou art ;
A bellow of mean Learning,
the wif not worth a haire :
Now when we had the Old Law,
a merry world was then,
And every thing was plenty,
among all sortes of men.

Truth.

Thou gibest me an answer,
as dso the Jews sometimes,
Unto the Prophet Jeremy,
when he accus'd their crimes :
'Twas merry (said the people)
and joyful in our Realm,

The Garland of Good-will.

Which did offer Spice Takes
unto the Queen of Heaven:
Ignorance.

Chill tell thee what good bellow,
before the Vicars went hence,
A Bushel of the best Wheat
was wold so wourteen pence ;
And woxty Eggs a penny,
that were both good and new ;
And this the zap my self habe seen,
and yet ich am no Jew.
Truth.

Within the sacred Bible,
we find it witten plain,
The latter day's should trouble some
and dangerous be certain :
That we should be self-lovers,
and Charity war cold ;
Then 'tis not true Religion
that makes the greef to hold.
Ignorance.

Chill tell thee my opinion plain,
and choul that well ye knew,
Ich care not for the Bible Book,
tis too big to be true :
But blessed Ladies Psalter,
shall for my money go,
Such pretty Prayers as there be,

The Garland of Good-will.

the Bible cannot shew.

Truth.

Now hast thou spoken truly,
for in that Book in red,
No mention of our Lady,
or Romish stains we read,
For by the blessed spirit
that Book sanctified was,
And not by simple Persons,
as is the foolish Mass.

Ignorance.

Cham sure they are not foolish,
that made the Mass the crowne
Why man? 'tis all in Latyn, they understand
and Woots no Latyn knight
Were not our Fathers wise men,
and they dwelike it well,
Who veray much rejoiced
to hear the ringing Bell.

Truth.

But many Kings and Prophets,
as I may say to this,
Have wist the Light that you have,
and could it never see
For what art thou the better,
a Latyn song to hear,
And understandell no blyng, nor glosse,
that they sing in the Quicke?

The Garland of Good-will.

Ignorance.

C hold thy peace, the pray thee,
the noise was passing trim ;
To hear the Utter's singing,
as we did enter in :
And then to see the Good-fare,
so bravely set with Saints,
And now to see them wandring,
my heart with sorrow bairning.

Truth.

The Lord did g'sve Commandment
no Image thou should'U make,
Nor that unto Idolatrie
you should your self betake
The Golden Calf of Israel,
Moses did therefore spake,
And Baals Priests and Temple,
he broughte to utter fall.

Ignorance.

But our Lady of Walsingham,
was a pure and holy Saint,
And many men in Pilgimage,
did shew their Complaint :
Yea with sweet Thomas Becket,
and many others him,
The holy Maid of Kent Marke,
did many wonders shew.

-prel

Truth.

The Garland of Good-will.

Truth.

Such Saints are well agreeing,
to your profession sure ;
And to the men that made them,
so precious and so pure :
The one was found a Traitor,
and judged worthy death,
The other eke for treason,
did end his hateful breath,
Ignorance.

Yea, yea, it is no matter,
dispraise them how you will ;
But since they did much goodrost,
when they were with us still ;
We had our holy Water,
and holy Mead likewise,
And many holy Reliquies,
we saw before our eyes.

Truth.

And all this while they fed you
with vain and sundry shewes,
Which never Christ commanded,
as learned Doctors knowes ;
Search then the holy Scriptures,
and you shall plainly see,
That headlong to Damnation,
they always趋ened be,

Ignorance.

The Garland of Good-will;

Ignorance.

If it be true godly fellow, as you binde, you
as thou dost say to me, will say when
Then to my Dolorous Jesus, I have done alone
alone then will I say, of this victory of
Believing in the Gospel, a drow that the self
and passion of his Son, his great sufferings
And with the subtle Papist, for the which I
sich for ever done, hard labored in Sainct

E I Noys.

The overthrow of proud Holofernes, and the Triumph of vertuous Queen Judith.

When King Nebuchadnezzar
was puffed up with pride,
He sent forth many Men of war,
by Holofernes guide:
To plague and spoil the world throughout,
by fierce Bellonats blood,
That would not fear and honour him,
and acknowledge him their God.

Which when the holy Israellites
did truly understand,
For to prevent this Tyranny,
they fortiffed their Land:

Chri

The Garland of Good-will.

These Towns and stately Cities strong,
their Arm'd with Weapons strong; and quall not
Their warlike weapons, they praver'd,
their furious foe to goe.

¶ When stately Holofernes then,
had knowledge of that thing,
That they had thus prepar'd themselves,
soe to worshipp the King: Quoth he,
Quoth he, what God is able now,
to keep these men from me? an alway.
Is there a greater then our King,
Whom all men feare to see?

Come march with me, therefore he said,
my Captains every one,
And first unto Bethulia,
with speed let us be gone: ¶ I will destroy each mothers Son,
I will destroy each mothers Son,
that is within the Land,
Their God shall not deliver them,
out of my furious hand.

¶ Wherefore about Bethulia,
that little City then,
On foot he planted up and down,
an hundred thousand men:
Twelve thousand more on Boiles bache,
about

The Garland of Good-will.

about the Town had he, and made
He stopt thicke springes and water-pipes,
to work their misery.

When four and thirty dayes they had,
with illars vexed here of late medis
The poor Bethynians at the same, and sat
so thristly then were fayre and pale, and
That they were like to starve and dye,
they were lack meat and sustaine,
The people against the Rulers say,
and thus was their complaint.

It is for us, quoth they,
to yield unto our for, am dñe
Then by this great and grievous thicke,
to be destroyed so :
O render up the Town therefore,
we are forsaken quite :
There is no means to escape their handes,
who migh escape their might.

When as their grievous Rulers heard,
the Clamours which they made,
Good people be content, said they,
and be no whit dismayed :
Yet five dayes stay in hope of health,
God will reward your moe.

The Garland of Good-Will.

But if by then, no succour come,
we'll yield unto our foe.

When Judith (prudent princely Dame)
had tydings of this thing,
Which was Manasses beauteous wife,
that sometimes was their King :
Why tempt ye God so sore, she said,
before all men this day ;
Whom mortal men in conscience ought
to fear and eke obey ?

If you will graunt me the leade, quoth she,
to pass abroad this night,
To Holofernes I will go,
for all his furious might :
But what I there intend to do,
enquire not now of me,
Go then in peace, fair Dame, they said,
and God be still with thee.

When she from them was gooren home,
within her Pallace Gate,
She called to her chiefe Maud,
that on her then did wait :
Bring me my best attire, quoth she,
and Jewels of fine Gold,
And wash me with the finest Bathys,

the

The Garland of Goodwill
that are of Silver Colur.

The fairest and the richest Robe,
that then she did possesse,
Upon her daultry Corps she put,
and eke her haire did diess :
With costly Pearls, and pretious Stones,
and Ear-rings of fine Gold ;
That like an Angel she did seem,
most sweet so to behold.

A Pot of sweet and pleasant Oyl,
she took with her that tyme,
A Bag of figs, and fine wheate-flower,
a bottle of fine Wine :
Because she would not eat with them,
that worship Gods of Stoole,
And from the City thus she went,
with one poor Maid alone.

Much ground alas, she had not gone,
out of her own City ;
But that the Centinel espy'd
a woman wondrous pretie ;
From whence came you fair Maid, quoth she,
and where walk you so late ?
From yonder Town good Sir, quoth she,
unto your Lord of high estate.

The Garland of Good-will.

When they did mark and view her well,
and saw her faire beauty ;
And therewithal her rich array,
so gorgeous to the eye :
They were amazed in their minds,
so fair a Dame to see,
They set her in a Chariot then,
in place of high degree.

In hundred proper chosen men,
they did appoint likewise,
To wait on Princely Judith there,
whose beauty cleare d these eyes :
And all the Souldiers running came,
to view her as she went,
And thus with her they pass along,
unto the Generals Tent.

Then came this stately Guard in halfe,
fair Judith to meet ;
And to their high renowned Lord,
they broughte this Lady sweet ;
And then before his honour,
upon her knee shes fell,
Her beauty bright made him to muse,
so fair she did excell.

Rise up Renowned Dame, quoth he,

The Garland of Good-will.

the Glory of that kind, I am did exhort him
And be no whit abash'd at all, to shew to her my mind :
When she had uttered her intent,
her wit amaz'd them all, And Holofernes therewith,
And Holofernes therewith,
by love was brought to thall.

And bearing in his lusty brest,
the flames of hot desire, He granted every thing to her,
She did of him require : Each night therfore he gave her leave
to walk abroad to pray ; According to her own request,
which she had made that day.

When she in Camp had thre days been,
near Holofernes Tent, His chielest friend Lord Treasurer,
unto her then he sent : Fair Dame, quoth he, my Lord commandes
this Night your Company, Quoth she, I will not my deat Lord
in anything deny.

A very great and sumptuous Feast,
did Holofernes make,

The Garland of Good-will

Amongst the Lords and Knights,
and all for Judith's sake :
But of their dauncies in no case,
would pleasant Judith take :
Yet Holofernes merry was,
So near him she was plac'd.

And being very pleasantly,
disposed at that time,
He drunk with them abundantly,
of strong delicious Wine ;
So that his strength and memory,
so far from him was fled ;
They laid him down, and Judith then,
was brought unto his bed.

When all the doo's about were shut,
and every one was gone,
hard by the Pillow of his bed,
his Sword she spy'd anon :
Then down she took it presently,
to God for strength she pray'd,
She cut his head from's shoulders quite,
and gave it to her Maide.

The rich and golden Canopy,
that hung over his bed,
She took the same with her likewise,

The Garland of Good-will.

with Holofernes head :
And thus through all the Court of Guards
she seaped clean away ;
None did her stay, thinking that she
had gone forth to pray.

When she had pass'd, escap'd quite,
the danger of them all,
And that she was come near unto,
the besieg'd Cities wall :
Come open me the gates, quoth she,
our Lord hath slain,
See here his head within my hand,
that boys so great a fame.

Upon a pole they pitcht his head,
that all men might it spy,
And o'er the City wall forthwith,
they set it presently :
Then all the Souldiers in the Town,
marcht forth in rich array,
But sure their foes spy'd their approach,
so 'twas at break of day.

Then running hastily to call,
the General out of Bed ;
They found his lifeless body there,
but lean without a head ;

When

The Garland of Good-will.

Whene his was knowne, all in a maze,
they fled away each man ;
They left their tents full rich behinde,
and so away they ran.

To here, behold, how God provideth,
for them that in him tru st,
Wher earthly hopes is all untaught,
he takes us from the dust.
How often bath our Judith fad
and kept us from decay,
Gainst Holofernes and the Pope,
as may be seen this day.

F I N I S.

5.
A Princely Ditty, in praise of the English
R O S E.

Translated out of French.

A mongst the Princely Paragons,
Bedell with dainty Diamonds,
Within my eye, none doth come nigh,
the sweet Red Rose of England ;
The Lilles pass in braery,
In Flanders, Spain, and Italy,
But yet the famous flower of France,
doth honour the Rose of England.

A

62

113

The Garland of Good-will.

As I abroade was walking,
I heard the small birds talking :
And every one did frame her song,
in prasse of the Rose of England.
The Lillies, &c.

Cesar may haue of Victories,
And Creslus of his happiness,
But he were blest that may haue in his brest,
the sweet Red Rose of England.

The Lillies, &c.

The bravest Lute g. ink hither,
And let us sing together,
Whilst I do ring on every string,
the prasse of the rose of England.

The Lillies, &c.

The sweet perfumes and Spices,
The Wise-men brought to Jesus :
Did never smell a quarter so well,
as doth the Rose of England.

The Lillies, &c.

Then fair and Princely Flower,
That ever my heart doth power :
None may be compared to thee,
which art the fair Rose of England.

The Lillies, &c.

The Garland of Good-will.

A Communication between Fancy and Desire.

Come hither Shepherds Swain,
Sir, what do you require?
I pray thee shew thy Name,
my name is fond desire,

When wast thou born desire,
In pomp and pride of May,
By whom sweet child wast thou begot?
of fond conceit men say.

Tell me, who was thy Nurse?
Sweet youth and sugred joys,
What was thy meat and dainty food?
Sad sighs and greet annoy.

What hadst thou foy to drinke?
unshoury Lovers tears,
What Cradle wast thou rocked in?
in Love devoid of fears.

What lull'd thee then asleep?
Sweet Speech, which likes me best,
Tell me where is thy dwelling place?
In gentle hearts I rest,

The Garland of Good-will,
What thing doth please thee most,
To gaze on beauty still :
Whom dost thou think to be thy foe ?
Dishonour of thy good-will.

Doth Company displeasē,
ye sure, many a one ;
Where doth desire delight to lie ?
He loves to lie alone :

Doth either time or age,
Bring him into decay ?
No, no. Desire both lives and dyes,
Ten thousand times a day.

Then sond distress carewē,
Thou art no meat for me ;
I would loath to dwell,
With such a one as thee.

F I N I S.

THE

The Garland of Good-will.

THE THIRD PART

Of the

GARLAND of GOOD-WILL.

Song 1.

A Maids Choice, 'twixt Age and Youth,

Crabbed Age and youth,
cannot live together;

Youth is full of pleasure,
age is full of care:

Youth's like Summers morn,
age like winters weather,

Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short;

Youth is wild, and age is tame;
Youth is hot and bold,

Age is weak and cold;

Youth is wild, and age is tame,
Age I do abhor thee,

Youth I do adore thee,

O my Love, my Lord is young,
Age I do despise thee,

O sweet Shepherd here thee,
for methinks thou stay'st too long.

Here I do attend,

arm'd by love and pleasure:

With my youthful friend,
joyful fox to meet:

The Garland of Good-will,

Here I do wait,
for thy only treasure, A
Venus sugred habur,
Lusty, dancy sweet; C
Like a loving wife,
So lead I my life,
thirsting for my hearts desire
Come sweet youth, I pray,
Away old man, away,
thou canst not give what I request;
For Old age I care not,
Come my Love and hate not,
age is feeble, youth is strong,
Age, I do desse thee;
O sweet Shepherd hpe thee,
so methinks thou stay'd too long.

Phæbus stay thy steeds
over-swift running;
Wise not on so fast,
bright resplendent sun;
for fair Daphnes sake,
now exprest thy running;
Pity on me take,
else I am undone;
Our hours swift of flight,
That waste with Titans light,
and so consume the chearful day;

The Garland of Good-will.

O stay a while with me,
Till I my Love may see;

O you th thou dost so long delay:
Time will over-slip us,

And in pleasure trip us,

Come away therefore with speed:

I would not loose an hour,

For fair Londons Tower,

Venus therefore help my need.

Flora's banks are spread;
in these rich attire,
With their dainty Violet,
and the primrose sweet;
Daisies white and red,
fitting youths desire,
Whereby the Daffadilly,
and the Cowslip meet;
All for youths behove,
These fresh Colours move
in the Meadows green and gay;
The birds with sweete notes,
Do strain their pretty throats
to entertain my love this way.

I with twenty wishes,
And an hundred kisses,
would receive him by the hand;
If he gabe me a fall,

The Garland of Good-will.

I would him Coward call,
and all unto my word would stand,

So where he appears,
like young Adonis,
Ready to set on fire,
the chaste heart alife,
Jewel of my life
welcome where thine own is,
Pleasant are thy looks,
so柔 to despise ;
Embracing thy darling dear,
Without all doubtful fear ;
on thy command I wholly rest,
Do what thou wilt to me,
Therein I agree,
and be not strange to my request ;
To youth I only yield,
Age fits not Venus field :
though I be conquered what care I,
In such a pleasant war,
Come meet me if you dare,
who first mislikest, let them cry,
F I N I S.

As you came from the holy Land,
of Walsingham,
Met you not with my true Love,

The Garland of Good-will,

by the way as you came ?
Who should I know your true Love,
that have met many a one,
as I came from the holy land,
that have come, that have gone.

She is neither white nor brown,
but as the heavens fair ;
There is none hath a form so divine,
on the earth, in the air ;
Such a one did I meet (good sir)
with angel-like face,
Who like a Queen did appear,
in her gate, in her grace.

She hath left me here all alone,
all alone and unknown,
Who sometimes lov'd me as her life,
and called me her own ;
What's the cause she hath left thee alone
and a new may doth take,
That sometime did love thee as her life,
and her joy did thee make ?

I loved her all my youth,
but now am old as you see,
Love liketh not the falling crust,
nor the withered tree ;

The Garland of Good-will,

For Love is a careless Child.

and forges a promise past;

He is blind, he is not deaf, when he list,

and in fasth never fall.

For love is a great delight,

And yet a trustless joy,

he is won with a word of despair,

And is lost with a Toy:

Such is the Love of Women-kind;

Or the word (Love) abused,

Under which many childish desires,

and conceits are excused.

But Love is a durable fire,

in the mind ever burning;

Never sick, never dead, never cold,

from it self never turning.

4.

The winning of Cal's.

Long had the proud Spaniard,

advanced to conquer us,

Threatning our Country

with Fire and Sword;

When preparing

their Navy most sumptuous,

With all the provision

The Garland of Good-will.

that Spain could afford.

Dub,a dub,dub,

thus strikes the Drums,

Tan-ta-ta, ta-ta-ta,

English men comes.

To the Seas presently,

went our Lord Adm'ral,

With Knights Couragious,

and Captains full good,

The Earl of Essex,

a prosperous General,

With him prepared,

to pass the salt flood.

Dub,a dub, &c.

At Plymouth speedily,

took they Shps Gallantly;

Other Shps never

were seen under sail :

With their fair Colours spread,

and Streamers o're their head,

Now bragging Spaniards

take heed of your rayl.

Dub,a dub, &c.

Unto Cales runningly,

came we most happily;

Where

The Garland of Good-will.

Where the King's Daies,
did secretly ride,
Being upon their backs
piercing their Bells of Heck
 Ere that the Spaniard
our coming deser y'd ;
Tan ta - ta - ra - ra, Englishmen comes,
bounce abounce, bounce abounce;
Off went the Gums.

Great was the crying,
running and riding,
Which at that season
was made in that place :
Then Beacons was fired,
as need was required,
To hide their great treasure,
they had little space ;
Alas they cryed
English men comes.

There you might see the Ships,
how they were fired fast ;
And how the men drowned
themselves in the Sea :
That you might hear them cry,
wail and weep pitifully,
When as they saw no hope,

The Garland of Good-will.

to escape thence awoy :

Dub a dub, &c.

The great Saint Phillip,
the p'side of the Spaniards,
was burnt to the bottom,
and sunk into the sea :
But the Saint Andrew,
and eke the Saint Matthew,
We took in fight manfully,
and broght them away :
Dub a dub, &c.

The Earl of Essex,
most valiant and hardy,
With horse-men and foot-men,
marcht towards the Town :
The Enemies which saw them,
full greatly affrighted,
Did flye for their safeguard,
and durst not come down :
Dub a dub, &c.

Now, quoth the Noble Earl,
courage my Souldiers all,
Fight and be valiant,
the Spoyl you shall have :
And well rewarded all,

Item

The Garland of Good-will,
from the great to the small :
But look that the women
and Children you save,
Dub, a dub, &c.

The Spaniards at that sight,
saw 'twas in vain to fight ;
Hung up their Flags of truce,
yielding up the town :
We marcht in presently,
decking the walls on high,
With our English Colours,
which purchased Renown ;
Dub, a dub, &c.

Enterling the houses then,
of the Richest men,
For Gold and Treasure,
we searched each day :
In some places we did find,
Pyes baking in the Oven,
Meat at the fire Roasting,
and men ran away.
Dub, a dub, &c.

Full of rich Merchandise,
every Shop we did see,
Damask and Harring,

The Garland of Good-will.

and helbet full fast :
Which Souldiers measure out,
by the length of their Swords ;
Of all commodities,
and each one had a share,
Dub a dub, &c.

Thus Cales was taken,
and our brabe General
Marcht to the Market-place,
there he did stand ;
There many Prisoners
of good account were took,
Many crast'd mercy,
and mercy they count'd,
Dub a dub, &c.

When as our General,
saw they delayed time,
And would not ransom
the Town as they said,
With their fair wainscots,
their presses and beautrady,
Their Joynt-stools and Tables,
a fire we made ;
And when the Town burnt in a flame,
Which can-not, can-not
from thence we came.



Now

The Garland of Good-will.

4.

How King Edward the Third, and the
fair Countess of ~~Salisbury~~ ^{Ed}, setting
forth her constancy and endless glory.

When as Edward the ~~thrid~~ ³ did live,
the valiant King,
David of Scotland to rebell,
did then begin :
The Town of Berwick suddenly
from us he took,
And burnt Newcastle to the ground,
thus strife begun :
To Roxbury-Castle marcht he then,
And by the force of warlike men,
besieg'd thererin a gallant fair Lady ;
While that her husband was in France,
His Countries honour to advance,
the noble and famous Earl of ~~Salisbury~~ ^{Ed}.

Blabe Sir William Montague,
rode then in haste,
Who declared unto the King,
the Scottish mens boote :
Who like a Lyon in a rage,
did straightrape ³ misprize,
For to deliver that fair Lady
from mortall care :

WOLI

How long to have it out
The Garland of Good-will.

But when the countesmen did hear her say
Edward our King was come that day,

They calld their knyghts, & cam away with spaynes
So when that he did thilke come, 2201.
With warlike trumpet, pike and swanne,
None but a gallant lady did hym meet,

; 1001. And they did to him as he did to
2201. Who when he did with greedy eyen 2201.
Behold and see,

Her peerless beauty trughall 2201.
His Majestye :

And ever the longer that he lookt,
The more he might ; 2201.
For by her only beauty was 2201.
His heartes delight.

And humbly then upon her knee,
She thanke his Royal Majestye,
That he had driven danger from her gate,
Lady, quoth he, stand up in peace,
Although my war doth now encrease,
Lord keep (to. the) thy herte from your care

Now is the King full fad in wonn,
And wots not why,
And for the love of the fair Countess
of Salisbury,
She little knowing his cause of grieve,
Did come to see,

The Garland of Good-will,

Wherfore his highness sat alone,
So heavily, and with such a diswile
I have been wrong'd, say Dame Cunyngham,
Since I came hither unto the court of the
King, God for bid my frendesight, she saide
If I were worth to knowe, a sufficient
The cause and ground of this your woe is
you shold be helpe, if it may be to me.

Swear to performe the brayfe to me, said she
thou Lady gay,
To thee the sorrows of my heart, said she
I will bewray:
I swear by all the Saints in Heaven,
I will (quoth she)
And let my Lord have no miscuse
at all in me.
Then take thy self aside he said,
For why, thy beauty hath betray'd;
Wounding a King with thy bright shinning
If thou do then somē meety shew,
Thou shalt expell a princely woe,
So shall I live, or else in sorrowe dye.

You have your wylle, my Sovereign Lord,
effectually;
Take all the leade that I can gife
your Royalty.

The Garland of Good-will.

But on to y beaut² all my joy²,
habe theſt above.
Take thou my beaut² leaue my face,
my gracious Lord,
Did²ſt thou not I me to grant my will,
that I may, I will fullill;
All then for my late let my true love be ſayn,
My Lord your ſon² I might reueaue,
You can not give me the your Lord,
ſo that belongs to your Queen,
But I suppose your Grace did this
only to me,
Whether a wanton tale might come
dame Salisborey,
Moſe from your ſell thereto ge the King,
my ſleeps to ſtray;
But from your wanton tempting tales,
I go my way,
O turn again my Lady bright,
Come unto me my hearts belight;
gone is the comfort of my penitent heart,
Here comes the Earl of Warwick he,
The Father of this faire Lady,
me mind to him I mean you to impac²—
Why is my Lord and Sovereign King,
ſo grieved in mind?

The Garland of Good-will.

Because that I have lost the thing

I cannot find.

What thing is that my gracious Lord
which you have lost?

It is my heart which is here dead,
between fire and frost too.

Could be that fire and frost too,

That caused this poor Kingmeis woe:

O Warwick! thou dost know the very core
It is thy Dauphine, Souldier, Carl,

That poison'd thy poor lump, that pernicious pearl
which kills my heart, yet do I her above.

If that be all (my gracious King)

that touches your grief,

I will per'swade the Scorpion Dame,
to yield relief.

Never shall she see my Daughter be,
if the result,

The love and labour of a King,
may her excuse:

Thus wile Warwick went away,

And quide contrarie he did say,

When as he wuld the beautious Countess met
Well met my Daughtree (quoth he.)

A marriage I must do to thee,

Our Royal King must kindly both the great

The Garland of Good-will.

The King will dye, lest thou to him
do grant thy love;

To love, my Husbands love
I would remove.

It is right Charity to love
my Daughter dear,

But no true love so charitable,
for to appear:

His Greatness may bear out the shame,
But his Kingdom cannotst buy out the blame

he craves thy love, that may bereave thy life

It is my duty to make this,
But not thy honest to yield I will,

I mean to dye a true unspotted wife.

How hast thou spoken my daughter dear,
as I would have;

Charity bears a Golden Flame,
unto the Grave:

And when to the wedded Lord
thou protest untrue,

Then let my honest curse fall,
thy Soul pursue:

Then with a smiling cheer go thou,

As right and reason doth allow, (mind
yet shew the King thou bearest no scruples)

I go dear Father with a wife,
And by a sight of fine device,

The Garland of Good-will.

I'le cause the K. confess that I am unkinde

Here comes the Lady of my life,
the King did say,

My Father bids me soberaigne Lord
your will obey;

And I consent, if you will grant
one boon to me,

I grant it thee my Lady fair,
where e're it be.

My husband is a bitt you know,
First let me kill him e're I go,

and at your command I will be;

Thy husband now in France doth rest,

No, no he lies within my breast:

and being so nigh, he will my boldhood see,

With that she started from the King,

and took her kniffe,

And desperately she thought to rid

her selfe of life;

The King he started from the Chair,

her hand to stay,

O Noble King, you have broke your word,
with me this day

Thou shall not do this deed, quoth he,

Then never I will lye with thee;

no, then lye still, & let me bear the blame,

Lye

The Garland of Good-will.

Be in honour and high estate,
With thy true Lord and wedded mate,
I never will attempt this suit again.

The Spanish Ladies Love to an English Gentleman.

W^{ll} you hear a Spanish Lady,
How she wo^d an English man,
Garment gay, as rich as may be,
deckt with Jewels hath she on;
Of a comely countenance,
and grace was she,
And by birth and parentage,
of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
in his bands her like did lie,
Cupids bands did tye her fast,
by the liking of her eye;
In his courteous company,
was all her joy;
To favour him in any thing,
she was not coy.

At the last there came commandment,
for to set the Ladies free:

With

The Garland of Good-will.

With their Jewels still adourned,
none to do them injury :
Alas, then said the Lady gay,
full woe is me !
O let me still sustain this kind
captivity.

Gallant Captain shew some pity,
to a Lady in distress,
Leave me not within the City,
for to dye in heauiness :
Thou hast set this present day
my body free,
But my heart in prison strong,
remains with thee.

How should thou (fair Lady) love me,
whom thou know'st thy Countries for,
Thy faire words makes me suspect thee,
Serpents are where flowers grow ;
All the evill I think to thee,
most gracious Knight,
God grant unto my selfe the same
may fully light.

Blessed be the time and season,
that you came on Spanish ground,
If you may our foes be termed,

gentle

The Garland of Good-will.
gentle form me habe you found;
With our Cities you have won
our hearts each one,
Then to your Country bear away
that is your own.

Rest you still (most gallant Lady)
rest you still and weep no more,
Of fair Lovers there are plenty,
Spain doth yield a wondrous time;
Spaniards fraught with jealousy,
we often find,
But English-men throughout the world,
are counted kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
you alone enjoy my heart;
I am lovely, young, and tender,
love is like mine may desert;
Still to serve thee day and night,
my mind is pure,
The wife of every English-man
is counted blest.

It would be a shame fair Lady,
for to beat a woman hence,
English Soldiers never carry
any such without offence;
I will

The Garland of Good-will,

I will quickly change my self,
if it be so,
And like a Page I'll follow thee,
where e're thou go.

I have neither Gold nor Silver,
to maintain thee in this case,
And to travel 'tis great charges,
as you know in every place,
My chains and Jewels the one,
shall be thine own;
And the five hundred pounds of Gold,
that lies unknown.

On the Seas are many dangers,
many storms do there arise,
Which will be to Ladies dreadfull,
and sorre tears from watery eyes;
Well in worth, I could endure
extremity,
For I could find in heart to leave you,
my like for thee.

Courteous Lady be contented,
here comes all that brewe the wort,
I in England have alreadie,
a sweet Woman to thy wife,
I will not faille thy bower,

The Garland of Good-will.

for gold or gold, for gold or gold,
Nor yet for all the fairest Dames,
that live in Spain.

0 how happy is that woman
that enjoys so true a friend,
Many days of joy God send you, vi
and of my love She make an end,
Upon my knees I pardon crave,
for this offence,
Which love and true affection,
did first commence,

Commend me to thy loving Lady,
bear to her this Chain of Gold,
And these Bracelets for a Token,
Agreeing that I was so bold,
All my Jewels in like sort,
bear thou with thee,
for these are fitting for thy wife,
and not for me.

I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all her Latas deifie;
In a Nunney will I shew me,
far from other Company;
But e're my Prayers have an end,
before of this;

To

The Garland of Good-will.
To pray for thee and for thy love,
I will not miss.

Thus farewell most gentle Captain,
and farewell my hours content,
Count not Spanish Ladies wanton,
though to thee my love wanton,
Joy and true prosperity,
go still with me;
The like fall ever to thy share,
most fair Lady.

9.

A Farewell to Love.

Farewell false Love, the ~~Jacke~~ of lies,
a mortal for an enemy to rest,
An envious Dog, from whence great woes
a Bastard Isle, a beast with age pollent
A way for error, a tempest full of treason,
In all respects contrary unto reason.

A poisoned serpent coher'd all with flowers
Mother of sighs, and Murtherers repose;
A sea of sorrows, where sun all such flowers
as moisture giveth to them grieves that grieves
A School of guile, a seat of deep deceit,
A golden hook that holds a poisoned bait

A Fox.

The Garland of Good-will.

A fortresse field, whom reason did defend,
A Syrens Song, a lever of the mind;
A Maze wherein affections find no end,
A raining cloud that runs before the wind;
A substance like the shadow of the Sun,
A Coal of grie, for which the wissest run;
A quenchless fire, a rest of trembling fear,
A path that leads to peril and mishap,
A true retreat of sorrows and dispair,
An old Boy that sleeps in pleasures Lap;
A deep mistrust of that which certain seems
A hope of that which reason doubtful deems.

(tray'd,

Then figh thy Reign my younger yeare be-
and for my Faith, Ingratitude I find;
and such repentance hath the wrong bewrayd
whose crooked coulthath not been after kind
Folie to be go back, and Beauty scall adieu,
Dead is the Root from which such Fancies
sprake. F I N I S. (grew.

The lover by his gifts thinks to conquer chasteit
and with his gifts sends these verses to his lady.

what face so faire, that is not crackt with gold
what me so worth that hath in gold his wonder
what leurning but with golden lines doth holde
what stase so high, but gold cou'd byling it under
what

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The Garland of Good-will.

What thought to swer, but Gold doth better
Than any other thing in the world, Reason
And what rule better then the golden reason? (true)

The ground was fair that yields the golden
The study high that lets the golden state;
The labour sweet that gets the golden sum;
The reckning rich that scorns the golden rate
The love is true that golden hope doth hold,
And rich against that serves the god of gold.

FINIS. To Durham and
Dined full and nobly dined up to good
Tyme. The Womans Answer.

Foul is the face whose beauty gold can cast,
worshes the wit that hath gold in her won
(det)

Unlearned lines puts gold in honor's place,
wished the state that will to coin come under;
Bale the conceit that seasoned is with gold,
And Beggars rule that such a reason hold.

(grace,
Earth gives the gold, but heaven giveth greater
Men study wealth, but Angels wisdom cause
Labor seeks peace, love hath an higher place,
Death makes the reckning, life is all my race
The hope is here, my hope of heaven both hold
God give me greater Dives me with gold.

FINIS.

